

L'ALLEGRO,⁴

ED

IL PENSEROSO.

By MILTON.

Set to Music by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR, 1782.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

L. A. F. E. G. R. O.

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11. PENINSULAR

W. M. L. T. O. N.

Set to Music by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDELL.

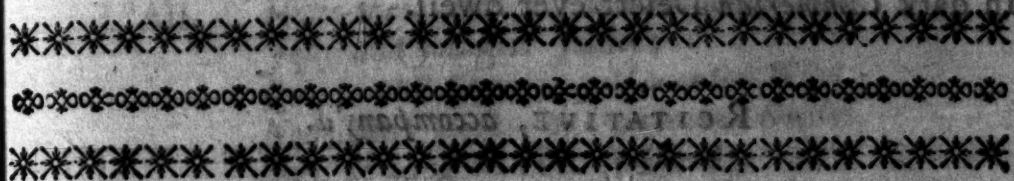


L O N D O N
PUBLISHED in the YEAR 1733.

[Price 2s. 6d.]

L
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When
I R

There, under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As rugged as thy Locks,



Alas! Hence! vain deluding Joys,
Dwell in some idle Brain,
And Fancy land with gaudy Shapes of Things,

L' A L L E G R O,

E D

I L P E N S E R O S O.

PART the FIRST.

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn,
Mongst horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth Cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous Wings,
And the Night-Raven sings:

A 2

There

There, under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As rugged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* Desert ever dwell.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd*,

Il Pen. Hence! vain deluding Joys,
Dwell in some idle Brain,
And Fancies fond with gaudy Shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay Motes that People the Sun-beams;
Or likest hovering Dreams,
The sickle Pensioners of *Morpheus'* Train,

A I R.

L'All. Come, thou Goddess, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne;
And by Men Heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a Birth,
With two Sister-Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

A I R.

Il Pen. Come rather, Goddess, sage and holy;
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose Saintly Visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of Human Sight;
Thy bright-hair'd Vesta long of Yore,
To solitary Saturn bore.

A I R

A I R.

L'All. *Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Fest, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's Cheek,
And love to live in Dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.*

C H O R U S.

*Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Fest, and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.*

A I R.

*Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic Toe.*

C H O R U S.

*Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic Toe.*

RECITATIVE, accompany'd

*Il Pen. Come, penfive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure;
All in a Robe of darkeſt Grain
Flowing with majeſtic Train.*

A I R.

A I R.

*Come, but keep thy wonted State
With even Step, and musing Gait;
And Looks commercing with the Skies,
Thy rapt Soul sitting in thine Eyes.*

C H O R U S.

*Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet.*

RECITATIVE.

*L'All. Hence loathed Melancholy!
In dark Cimmerian Desert ever dwell.
But haste thee, Mirth, and bring with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.*

A I R.

*Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved Pleasures free:
To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And singing startle the dull Night:
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.*

A I R.

RECI.

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. First, and chief, on golden Wings,
 The Cherub *Contemplation* bring;
 And the mute *Silence* hie along,
 'Less *Philomel* will deign a Song;
 In her sweetest, saddest Plight,
 Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night.

A I R.

*Sweet Bird, that shun'st the Noise of Folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, Chauntress, oft the Woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy Even-Song.*

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

A I R.

*Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
 To listen how the Hounds and Horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbering Morn,
 From the Side of some hoar Hill,
 Thro' the high Wood echoing shrill.*

A I R.

A I R.

Il Pen. *Of't on a Plat of rising Ground
I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd Shore,
Swinging slow, with fullen Roar:
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some still removed Place will fit,
Where glowing Embers, through the Room,
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.*

RECITATIVE.

L'All. *If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.*

A I R.

*Let me wander, not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
There the Ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land;
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe;
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn, in the Dale.*

A I R.

A I R.

*Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund Rebeckes sound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd Shade.*

C H O R U S.

*And Young and Old come forth to play,
On a Sunshine Holiday,
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.
Thus pass'd the Day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring Winds soon lull'd asleep.*

The End of the First Part.



PART the SECOND.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The Brood of Folly, without Father bred;
How little you bested,
Or fill'd the fix'd Mind with all your Toys!
O! let my Lamp at midnight Hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the Bear
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphere
The Spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The' immortal Mind, that hath forsook
Her Mansion in this fleshly Nook.

A I R.

*But O! sad Virgin, that thy Power;
Might raise Musæus from his Bower;
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus sing
Such Notes, as, warbled to the String,
Drew Iron Tears down Pluto's Cheek.
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.*

RECI

RECITATIVE.

Thus, *Night*, oft' see me in thy pale Career,
'Till unwelcome Morn appear.

A I R.

L'All. *Populous Cities please me then,
And the busy Hum of Men.*

C H O R U S.

*Populous Cities please us then,
And the busy Hum of Men;
Where Throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,
In Weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold;
With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes
Rain Influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.*

A I R.

*There let Hymen of't appear
In Saffron Robe, with Taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,
With Masque, and antique Pageantry;
Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer-Eves, by haunted Stream.*

B 2

RECI-

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring Beams, me, Geddefs, bring
To arched Walks of twilight Groves,
And Shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves:
There, in close Covert, by some Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look.

A I R.

Hide me from Day's garish Eye,
While the Bee, with honey'd Thigh,
Which at her flow'ry Work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring,
With such Concert as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
And let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave at his Wings, in airy Stream
Of lively Portraiture display'd,
Softly on my Eyelids laid.
Then, as I make, sweet Music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to Mortal's Good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.

A I R

L'All.

I'll to the well-trod Stage anon,
If Johnson's learned Sock be on;
Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's Child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild.

A I R.

A I R.

*And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Airs :
Sooth me with immortal Verse,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In Notes, with many a winding Bout
Of linked Sweetness long drawn out :
With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,
The melting Voice through Mazes running,
Untwisting all the Chains that tie
The hidden Soul of Harmony.*

A I R.

*These Delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with Thee I mean to live.*

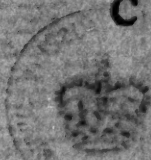
C H O R U S.

*These Delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with Thee we mean to live.*

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. But let my due Feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloyster's Pale ;
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillar's massy Proof ;
And story'd Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious Light.

C H O R U S.



C H O R U S

*There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Choir below,
In Service high, and Anthem clear;*

S O L O,

*And let their Sweetness through mine Ear,
Dissolve me into Extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes.*

A I R,

*These Pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with Thee will choose to live,*

C H O R U S

*These Pleasures Melancholy give,
And we with Thee will choose to live,*

F I N I S

